

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

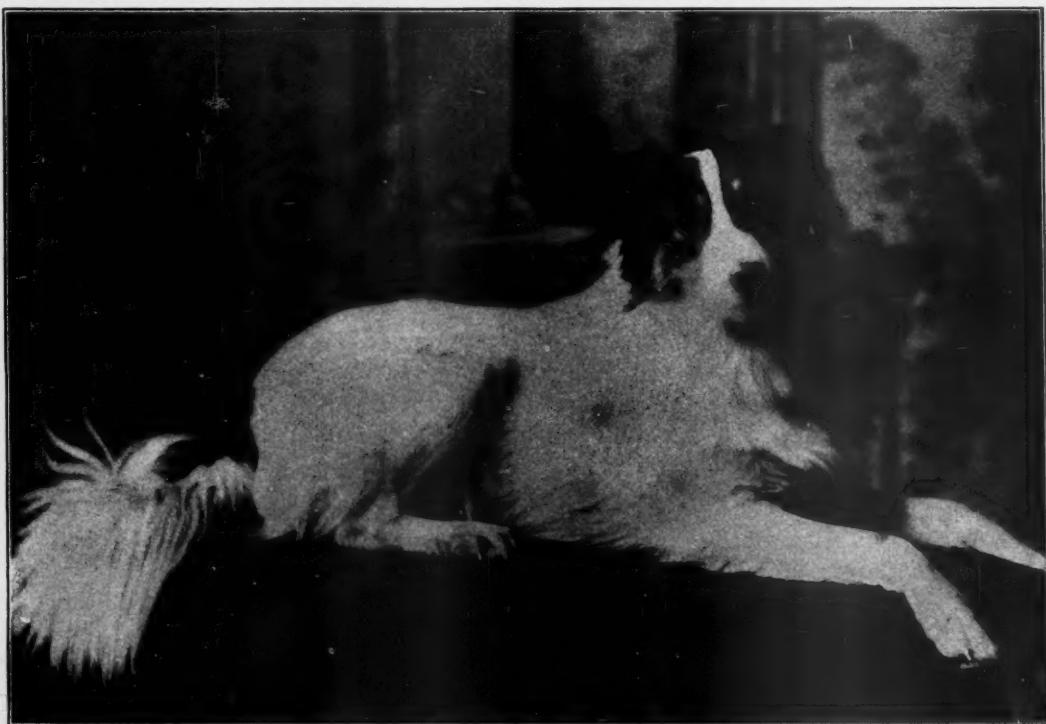
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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 45 No. 3

AUGUST, 1912

Price 10 Cents



Our Dumb Animals

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in cold weather*

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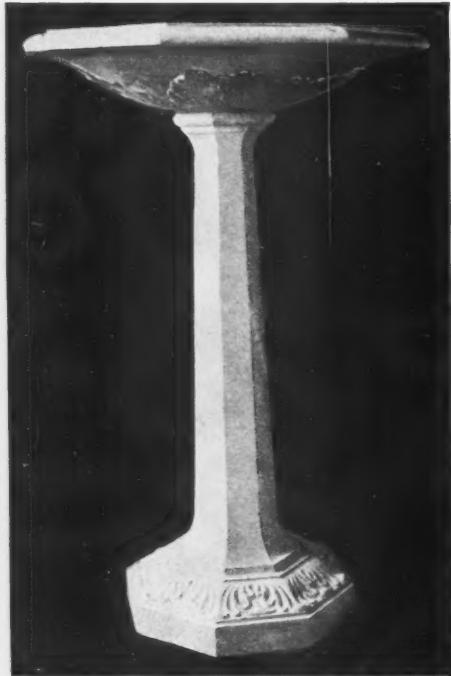
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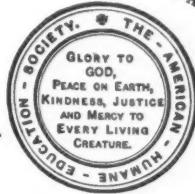
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Our Dumb Animals



FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
U. S. Trade Mark, Registered
The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—Cowper.



Vol. 45

Boston, August, 1912

No. 3

The Achievements of Dogs

By J. W. HODGE, M. D.



MANY and marvelous have been the achievements which history has recorded to the credit of faithful, sagacious and courageous dogs of the past. History chronicles that the wonderful dog, Xanthippus, heroically swam for miles by the side of his master's galley to Salamis when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and the body of that devoted and courageous canine hero was buried by his grateful master on the crest of a beautiful promontory, which to this day bears the name of "The Dog's Grave."

In ancient history it is recorded that the city of Corinth was saved from enemies who had planned to capture it, by fifty faithful war-dogs who attacked the invading force that had landed under the cover of darkness whilst the garrison slept, and fought the invaders with unbounded courage until every dog but one of the fifty valiant canine warriors had been killed. That one surviving dog succeeded in rousing the garrison from their slumber in time to save the city.

Among the many pathetic incidents in the lives of famous dogs of history may be mentioned the touching incident in the life of the devoted dog, Hyrcanian, who, on beholding the dead body of his beloved master burning on a funeral pile, leaped into the flames and was consumed with it.

It is quite natural that the Switzers should venerate the memory of the Great St. Bernard, "Barry," over whose grave at Berne, Switzerland, a stately monument has been reared.

There is a large and beautifully kept cemetery for dogs near Asnieres, on the outskirts of Paris, France. When Consul-General Gowdy was lately conducting a party of friends through this canine cemetery, pointing to the tomb of the Great St. Bernard who had saved the lives of forty human beings, he asked "What man can boast of having done so much?"

J. W. Hodge, M.D., special agent of the American S. P. C. A. in Niagara Falls, New York, is a prolific writer upon subjects relating to the dog. Many articles from his pen have appeared in various humane publications. The dog has no stancher defender than Dr. Hodge.

Can we wonder that Ketmir, that faithful, patient, tireless canine sentinel and guardian of the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" was welcomed into Paradise by Mahomet?

The desperate combat, to the death, between the devoted dog of Aubry and his master's murderer was a notable event in the annals of history. In that deadly conflict Aubry's valiant dog proved himself the matchless hero of the hour. That dog's heroic act in his master's defense has never been excelled by any human soldier on the battlefield of war.

The Dog's Life of Devotion

It is a deep mystery, this animal world in which we live and of which we are an integral part.

Since the dawn of history the dog has distinguished himself for notable deeds of courage, devotion, fidelity and affection. No other animal on earth is so fond of man and so loyal to him. The dog's life is given up to the service of his master whom he looks up to and worships as if he regarded him a deity. The dog has a religion in which his human master is his god. The only heaven a dog knows is a welcome place in the heart of him whom he delights to serve. With that possession his happiness is complete.

Human friends may prove deceitful, false and treacherous, but the dog's friendship is unfailing and enduring. It is proof against all temptations. If every other friend in the world turns traitor to a man, his dog will stand by him and refuse to "turn him down." When dire misfortune overtakes the master, his dog is the one true friend who does not desert him in his extremity, but clings the closer to him. And at the end, that last sad scene that comes to all—friends, home and family gone—the loving and devoted companion of poverty, want and rags, the ever-faithful and loving dog, follows his master's lifeless body to an unmarked grave, and there, prone upon a cold damp mound of clay, he lays his head between his paws and mourns a requiem until he dies of grief.

The dog's sincere love, unswerving devotion and rare fidelity have shone in song and story since the dawn of civilization. There can be no reasonable doubt that we share a common nature and a common fate with our mute fellow-creatures around us, which we are pleased to call "lower animals," and it may be that our

poor dumb relations share a common destiny with us.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who for nearly half a century represented the heart and brains of the Christian clergy of America, in the course of an eloquent sermon on "Men and Other Animals," declared: "Why, if horses and dogs have not souls to be saved, what in Heaven's name will become of their masters? For fidelity and devotion, for love and loyalty, many a two-legged animal is far below the dog and the horse. Happy would it be for thousands of people if they could stand at last before the Judgment seat of Christ and truthfully say, 'I have loved as truly, I have lived as decently as my dog.' And yet we speak of the dog as being 'only a brute.'"

Eulogy of a Famous Dog

Poets of all ages have sung the praises of dogs, and one of the noblest and truest tributes ever paid to canine worth is expressed in the lines of Lord Byron which, with the epitaph inscribed to his dog, Boatswain, run as follows:

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rest below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a Friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

* * * * *

"Near this spot,
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Fercosity,
And all the Virtues of man without his Vices.
This Praise which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, A DOG."

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Work

By PRESIDENT FRANCIS H. ROWLEY



THE six photographs that appear under the heading "The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Work" were taken to illustrate certain features of the service our Society is rendering not only the animals it is bound to protect, but the public as well.

Wherever food animals are in process of shipment, are being loaded, unloaded, driven over the road, or are kept for slaughter or are being slaughtered, the attention given them by humane officers who defend them

consciousness has been produced. One man spends his entire time at the stock-yards, and two others are there from early till late the three days of each week when cattle are coming and going.

It should be said that we have no difficulty with the men engaged in the traffic, that is, by way of controversy or strife. Whatever an officer or agent of the Society says must be done, is done. No one is anxious to deny or resist our authority.

The second picture is of the H. Hohorst Bolt-pistol, manufactured in Suhl, Thuringia. It is a device that drives, by the explosion of a blank cartridge, a steel bolt, three and a quarter inches

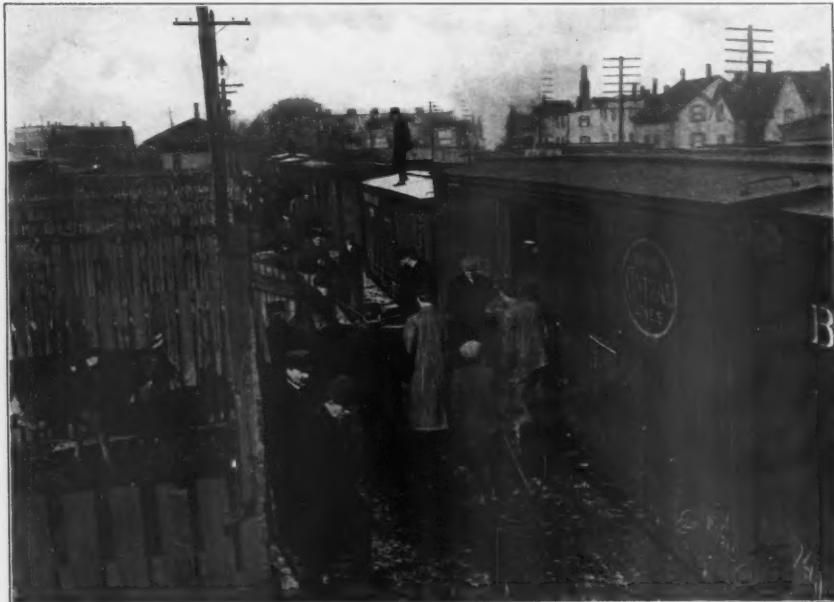
have witnessed, where conditions were not right, the bullock has had to be struck several times before he fell. This pistol in small slaughter-houses and where one is not daily using the poleaxe, and so not an expert, would mean a vast amount of suffering saved for multitudes of creatures that are entitled by every right, human and divine, to a painless death. Furthermore a slight man can drop, with a device like this, the heaviest and strongest steer or bull. With the poleaxe a man of muscle as well as great skill is needed.

This pistol was "tried out" at the Brighton Abattoir, June 27, in the presence of representatives of the Boston papers, several veterinarians and a number of butchers. It does its work most effectively and has but one serious drawback—it cannot be operated rapidly enough to suit the demand of the American butcher. In this country where our large slaughtering establishments figure down to minutes and seconds we must have a pistol with some sort of chamber, or magazine, that can carry from ten to twenty cartridges, and that is so far automatic that by a simple motion the exploded shell is ejected and a loaded one dropped into place.

This Hohorst pistol is one of the many results of a prize of \$3000 offered in Germany, in 1901, through the *German Zoophilist*, by a wealthy and humane lady, to be expended "in testing and providing prizes for appliances for stunning cattle, sheep and swine." One hundred and eighty-three different kinds of apparatus were offered in competition. Won't someone, realizing that this effort for humane slaughter is directed against more cruelty than all other abuses our Societies are opposing, give us \$3000 to offer for an appliance that will meet our needs here in the United States?

The next picture shows two of our officers who have just compelled a drover to go to the abattoir for a cart in which to load a lame cow that was unfit to be driven. Though the disabled animal is on her way to the slaughterhouse she is going there with as little suffering as possible. This sort of work is continued through all kinds of weather. Rain, snow, sleet, hail; temperature at zero or at 95 in the shade—the representatives of the Society are at every train, about the cattle-pens, in the barns where the milch cows are kept, in the places of slaughter—wherever their presence is needed in connection with this part of our work.

Though we still keep our horse-drawn ambulance for emergencies, pressing it often into



I. ARRIVAL OF CATTLE TRAIN AT UNION STOCK-YARDS, BRIGHTON

from ill-treatment is a valuable, though seldom recognized, service rendered the public. No one any longer questions, in the light of scientific investigation, the assertion that toxic processes are set up by suffering and fright, and that an animal brought to its death terrorized by blows, curses, rough and cruel handling, is, by so much, less fit as wholesome food. With us our chief receiving stations for cattle, sheep and swine are Brighton, Watertown, Cambridge and Somerville. The animals coming to these places, whether by train, wagon or on foot, are inspected by our agents.

The first picture is of a train just arrived at the Brighton stock-yards and about to be unloaded. Approximately 165,000 cattle, sheep and swine, annually shipped to our markets for slaughter, are under our observation, not only as they arrive but when they are taken from the cars, put in the pens or sheds, and until they are sold and driven away or are finally slaughtered. The illustration tells its own story, except there is no indication here of the many animals that arrive injured, weak and sick. In the course of the year our agents destroy, on an average, 2500 before they are removed from the car, or immediately upon their being unloaded. This is always done by stunning, the animal being bled by the butcher after un-

long and about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, into the brain of the steer, cow, calf, sheep or swine. Death ensues instantly. The animal falls even as the report of the pistol is heard. It is true an expert with a poleaxe or a heavy hammer may produce the same result, but anyone who can hold a revolver against the forehead of an animal for a second can with this weapon cause instant death. In many cases we



II. THE HOHORST BOLT-PISTOL



III. DRIVER COMPELLED TO TRANSPORT HUMANELY DISABLED COW

service on special occasions, our electric ambulance, shown in the fourth picture, has proved one of our greatest blessings. As we said last year, had it not been for this vehicle, driven by electricity, while horses were falling on the streets of Boston through the heated term, and when no horses could be found to haul the old ambulance, we should hardly have known which way to turn. Many a sick or exhausted horse would have had to lie for hours in the burning sun. The illustration is of a lame horse being taken to a hospital. He was stopped on the street by one of our agents and was walking with such evident pain that the ambulance was sent for. We have removed many horses, lame, sick, or injured, for people who have been glad to avail themselves of so up-to-date a method of transportation.

Year by year we open throughout the city where there are no drinking troughs or fountains, our watering stations. The city most generously makes for us a hydrant connection, as shown in picture five, and furnishes the water. We place a man there with half a dozen pails and from morning till night teamsters can have a chance to water their horses. Each pail is rinsed before the next horse drinks. We are justly proud of the record of over a quarter of a million horses watered this way by us last summer.

The final picture is illustrative of special work done in winter on three bad grades, near together, in a congested section of the city, Beacon Hill. An officer in uniform was kept there constantly. Chain shoes were supplied him with which often a horse, too smooth to climb the grade, was helped out. In the picture he is putting a pair of these shoes on one that had lost heart trying to go up hill when he could get no footing.

The purpose has not been to give an account of all our work. We have confined ourselves in this article to Boston and its immediate vicinity. Elsewhere in the state we have seven paid agents, all but one of whom devotes his entire time to the work of the Society. In the single exception nearly half of the agent's time is spent in our interests. Besides these there are 320 local agents to whom compensation is cheerfully given for such service as they find occasion to render in their respective communities. Many of these men have represented the Society for

years, doing faithful work, always refusing compensation.

For a year now we have had a "publicity agent" traveling from one end of the state to the other, addressing agricultural fairs, farmers' granges; putting stereopticon slides illustrating our work and educational in character, into many theatres; speaking on street corners at night and in pleasure parks to throngs of people; visiting farms and stables to report conditions; and interesting every paper in the commonwealth in the humane cause, till scores of articles have gladly been printed calling attention to the Society's activities and pleading the cause of humane education. We believe that few things we have ever done have served so to familiarize the citizens of Massachusetts with the work of the Society or to reach so many people hitherto little touched by educational forces of this kind.

An untold field of influence for good, educationally, is being opened through the moving picture film. We could reach literally millions of men and women and children by this means if we had \$3000 to invest for this purpose. We have before us now a signed guarantee from the managers of hundreds of the best theatres in the country to use such films, if we will furnish them, and in return promising us a generous percentage of the receipts. If only some great-hearted lover of animals would finance this proposition we could put before the public pictures that would attract far greater attention than the "big game" hunting exhibitions with their demoralizing and degrading influence. Heaven raise up for us such a friend. He could do more to popularize our cause than has ever yet been accomplished.

SPECIMEN CASES

We give below three or four illustrations of the daily work of the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That they are only specimens appears from the fact that the report of prosecutions for the past month, at time of writing, was thirty-six court cases with twenty-nine convictions:

Fined Heavily

For working and starving at the same time two old horses, Marcus Sjobeck, a laundryman, was fined in the Brighton Court \$150. From this man we took one horse a short time before and destroyed it. He was then warned that any further neglect would be followed by prosecution. It required no little time and trouble to keep track of what went into this man's barn in the way of hay and grain. Once the evidence, however, in our possession that the horses were being cruelly neglected, left unfed and uncared for, the court was given the case. The judge pronounced it an aggravated violation of the law. The fine was paid.

His Eyes Saved Him

One of our agents stopped on a leading avenue the other day a horse with about as bad a looking back as he ever saw. He compelled the driver to take off the entire harness. The



IV. M. S. P. C. A. ELECTRIC AMBULANCE REMOVING LAME HORSE



V. ONE OF OUR SUMMER WATERING STATIONS IN BOSTON

wretched condition of the poor animal, starved, weak, two places under the saddle larger than your hand raw and festering, called for little mercy on the offender. When, however, it was discovered that the owner was nearly blind, that he was desperately poor, that he had been obliged to trust the care of the horse to a boy more or less of an imbecile, the case was not taken into court. The unfortunate animal was mercifully destroyed.

Mutilating

Roy Howe was convicted in the Dorchester Court of stabbing a horse with a screw-driver both in the head and neck, cruelly beating it with a board and kicking it. The fine seemed far too small. It was \$20. Such brutality deserved a sentence in the House of Correction. Men with passions like this man, in a fit of anger, may commit almost any crime.

Neglect

Charles J. Thompson was proved guilty, in the Gardner Court, of leaving his stock unsheltered and unfed for days at a time through most inclement weather. For this total indifference to the welfare of these poor creatures he was fined \$100, and provisions were made to see that no further neglect occurred.

Overdriving

Emil J. Brouillard and John B. Petit of Cambridge, hired a horse at a livery stable, drove him to Nashua, New Hampshire, then back to Lowell. When the horse reached the stable in the last-named town, in a few minutes he fell dead. These men were fined \$25 apiece. How much good this sort of punishment does no one knows. The lesson, however, is learned that such deeds as these recounted above bring their penalty. Alas for the wretched victims of such men's heartless cruelty! F.H.R.

Give the horse a rest at the top of the hill, and if it is a long hill, a rest when part of it has been covered.

THE WORKERS

At all hours of the day the streets are filled with passing animals. Have you ever paused a moment to think what these animals are doing for you—the heavy loads they are bearing, the long journeys they are taking, the earning power they have for their masters? And then, do you recall that the animal receives no wages for his labor, sometimes not even proper food?

AT THE FOUNTAIN

By ELIZABETH MAURY COOMBS

Iron feet on the hot highway,
Gray lips caked with dust,
Silent and travel-worn come we
Athirst to the fountain's rust!

Dry as the dust of yesterday,
And how can we understand?
Dry? When we've come with our burden far
Over the heat-cursed land.

Brothers of Speech, stop, hear us;
We lesser folk than you
Crave but the flow of the vital stream
In the fountain's pool anew.

Patient and true companions,
Sharers of all your toil,
God sealed our lips that we make no moan
When he chained us to the soil.

Ere you plunge each day in the cooling flood,
Think of our burning thirst,
Think of our parching clay-caked lips,
And give us our life-draught first.

DOCKING MADE ILLEGAL

Soon after the passage of a law by Congress, forbidding docking in the District of Columbia, comes the news that the docking of horses in the Philippine Islands and the importation of docked horses into the islands are prohibited by an act of the Philippine assembly, which has been approved by the Philippine commission. Penalties are provided for violations of the act and a tax is imposed on the owner of every docked horse in the archipelago.

A GOOD PLANK

We are pleased to note that in a platform submitted for adoption by the recent national convention of the Prohibition party there was proposed a plank "commanding the work of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals and promising to aid in getting more laws along this line, mentioning particularly horses and mules in mines." We would like to see a similar plank adopted by all the parties.



VI. SPECIAL M. S. P. C. A. OFFICER PUTTING ON CHAIN SHOE

SHALL WE SAVE THE EGRETS?

By EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH

Agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies

Three years ago, William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, had nearly given up all hope of saving the snowy heron and the American egret. At that time, these birds which formerly inhabited the United States from the Hudson River to Oregon, and from Florida to California, had been nearly exterminated by the plume hunters. Three wardens or protectors had been killed by these plume hunters, and the protected colonies in southern Florida wiped out. Since that time, however, T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, has persevered and taken up the work actively; our explorers have found small colonies on the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific seaboards; these have been protected by our wardens and have multiplied their numbers until last year there were three thousand birds, and now there are twenty colonies which harbor, all told, about five thousand birds. The attempt to protect these birds against the desperadoes and Indians of southern Florida has been given up and the colonies in other states have been closely guarded. This plan has increased the birds so much in the Atlantic states, that last summer many egrets were seen in the eastern counties of Massachusetts. No one now living can remember a time when so many of these birds were seen in one season in New England, and some were reported here again this spring.

As the number of birds and colonies increases, the cost of protecting them increases correspondingly, for the high prices paid the plume hunters stimulate them constantly to raid the heronries. Detective work is necessary, also, to secure the apprehension and conviction of law-breakers among the milliners.

July 12, 1911, certain large feather dealers and milliners of New York City, whose nefarious traffic in "aigrettes" was destroyed by the passage of laws driving them out of New York and New Jersey, formed an organization in Pennsylvania for the purpose of building up a mail order business and selling egret feathers by taking orders and shipping them to purchasers in the states where direct selling is forbidden.

A campaign must be started to secure the enactment of a law in Pennsylvania to prohibit the sale in that state of the feathers of all useful and beautiful American birds. This campaign of education to be effective must be supported by sufficient funds to make it thorough and far-reaching, and the money must be available at once.

Egret leaflets, with colored plates, are among the means taken by this Association to inform the public regarding these birds and the traffic in their plumes. They are well worth reading, for they state the facts and show the inhumanity with which the birds have been butchered by wholesale. The imminence of the danger which menaces the egrets may be shown by my own experience. When I first visited Florida thirty-five years ago, great flights of both species were seen along the rivers, swamps and bayous. Then the plume hunter received only fifty cents each for the plumes. The price rapidly advanced, and ten years later, on the same ground, it was a rare sight to see even one of these birds.

TO A WATER-OUSEL

By C. K. SHETTERLY

Oh, heart of life, thy flitting cease!
Beneath the glittering show of things
Sink down, sink deep, and find thy peace
In happy song and folded wings.



FAMILY HORSES AND CARRIAGE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

The unostentatiousness of the equipage is in marked contrast with the royal coaches of foreign dignitaries. Our chief interest in the photograph, however, grows out of the fact that the horses are driven with the *Little Giant Controller*, of which we have written before in these columns and which we have used with such great satisfaction.

THE HORSE AT THE CROSSING



ABE," a black horse connected with the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, mounted police force, is the guardian of the children of the Third Ward school of that city. The parents of the 1375 boys and girls in this school no longer fear the dangerous crossing in front of the building for the children, since the advent of Babe.

Before Babe and Patrolman Gallagher were stationed on the crossing near the school, there were on an average three fatalities a year, but during the two years of their service at that point, there has not been a single accident.

If any child lingers in the middle of the car tracks, Babe's first warning is to poke his muzzle in its face. If no attention is paid to this, he gently picks up the child by its loose clothing, and carefully takes it to safety. If a child attempts to cross the street when a trolley car is coming, Babe will stand across the track in front of the car and will not move until the child is safely over. The children all know and love the big gentle creature, and usually heed his first warning.

One day last winter a little boy attempted to cross the street in front of an oil wagon. The street was slippery, and the driver could not stop his team. Babe dashed in front of the heavy wagon, seized the boy in his teeth, and tossed him aside. The pole of the wagon struck the brave horse, however, and inflicted a severe wound, the result being that he spent six weeks in the hospital. Another time Babe intercepted a little boy who was chasing a swiftly moving car. This time the horse's rider was injured.

When the Third Ward school has its picnic, Babe and Patrolman Gallagher are to go with the pupils, to avoid accidents. For this skilful care of the children the officer gives all the credit to his horse. In speaking of Babe, not long ago, he said: "He thinks and acts just as quick, whether I am in the saddle or not. Since he first joined the force he has been the guardian of the children, and many of the things he does he has worked out himself."

A VOICELESS SERMON

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

He stands beneath the noonday's blazing sun,
With head low drooping and the harness' load
Upon his tired back; while from his neck
The empty feed bag dangles to and fro.
Long has he stood, a patient, faithful steed.
Flies sting and thirst assails, yet mindful still
Of slackened rein he stands at call of him
Who owns his faithful body, every inch.
And though required only by the lash,
Or vicious kick upon his galled side,
Yet with a fortitude that questions not,—
So human, oftentimes, that we bow in shame,—
He waits the signal, or the onward goad.
A brute, we say, and forthwith use as such.
If manhood gained its measure by like deeds
As mark this creature, voiceless, soulless (?),
mute,

Methinks the heavenly welkin oft would ring
When such an one gains entrance to its joy.

A COSTLY HUMANE ACT

About a year ago, when he gave up his farm, J. E. Howe of Flint, Michigan, sold a team of old work-horses, that he had raised from colts. He sold the horses for \$100, with written agreements, signed by witnesses, that the purchaser should keep the animals in as fat and good-looking condition as he received them.

A clause in the contract gave Howe the privilege of buying back the animals at the same price as he sold them, in case there was any violation by the purchaser. Several days ago, Howe discovered that the man to whom he had sold the horses was working them so hard that they were getting very poor and had sores on their shoulders. He demanded the horses back, but the man who had them refused to give them up. Howe then went to Sheriff Parkurst and showed him the contract. After reading the document, the sheriff went out with Howe to the farmer's home and advised the man to sell them back. The man gave up the horses after Howe had paid him \$100. The purchaser then found a neighbor who agreed for \$5 to shoot the animals and bury them.

Howe has two beautiful daughters who had grown fond of the team. The girls had taken pictures of the animals before they were sold, and then they took more pictures just before the animals were put to death.



"DEACON", A LLEWELYN SETTER, IN THE VOLUNTARY SUCCESSIVE POSES OF HIS ORIGINAL "LOVING HIM UP" ACT, AND HIS OWNER, WILLIAM LEE YOST, ST. LOUIS, MICHIGAN

"Just Peter"

By AMBROSINE SALSBURY



T was a most every-day occurrence—a red automobile tearing by, a brown puppy uncertain of direction, and the inevitable result. The red thing never even stopped, but left behind it a cloud of suffocating dust, and a patch of something brown on the road.

Geoff, after the first shock of surprise, went forward, wondering why Peter didn't return to him when he called.

His sturdy legs carried him to the spot, where the brown heap lay, and he said softly, "Pete, get up, you lazy dog. I'd be ashamed to play you was a deader!" But Pete gave no signs of getting up, and somehow Geoff's little legs began to shake. Was it possible, no, it couldn't be, Peter did play like that sometimes, and Geoff began to worry.

Could he be hurted so bad, that he couldn't get up? He would see. Stooping over the silky brown body yet warm, Geoffrey slowly lifted one little leg, then another. No, there'd seemed no reason why Pete couldn't get up, his legs were all right. Then with a quickly-beating heart Geoff raised Pete's listless head. The soft ears hung limply over his hand, and the loving brown eyes never opened once.

Geoff put down the head, and with a very frightened, white face, sat down on the dusty road by the side of Pete.

A great lump seemed growing inside of him, as slowly the feeling came over him that little Pete, his own puppy, had gone dead! He had heard of such things before, vaguely wondering what it meant; and if they all went to heaven, what a time God must have answering the doorbell, and if he had an elevator, like the big store in town!

Geoff sat very still, a pathetic little figure, with the sun beating down on his straw hat, and the immovable puppy stretched beside him.

Geoff never had any mother that he could remember, and he had become used to thinking out things for himself because Dad never had any time in the evenings, besides he didn't always understand.

* * * * *

This was the picture which met the eyes of the Reverend Malcolm Brown as he rode down the road on his bay horse. Geoff and he were

already acquainted, and it was with sundry misgivings the young minister slipped from his horse and touched the straw hat.

"What's the matter, my boy? Peter hurt himself?"

"Yes," came Geoff's voice, strangely quiet, the young man thought. "I guess he's—" and the other words died away.

The bay horse waited; he never quite knew what his master would do, but there was trouble here, so he stood at attention.

There was a minute when the minister wished he were a woman, then he put his arm round the dusty figure. "Sonny, you're in danger here, right in the middle of the road, and I'm going to carry you away!"

"Don't," said the little boy passionately, "don't you see Pete's hurted himself so he can't walk, an' d'y'e spouse I'm goin' to leave him!"

"But Pete might get hurt again," said the minister. "See here, I'll carry Pete, and you take the bay over to the grass."

The strain of the last hour was beginning to tell on Geoff, and as the minister tenderly raised the little brown pup, Geoff struggled to his feet, and reaching up for the bridle followed the minister to the grassy stretch, safe from red cars.

The boy's straw hat had been thrown down, and his agonized heart throbbed against the minister's vest, while scalding tears ran down his cheeks. The young man sat holding the child in a strong clasp, waiting till the first paroxysm was over. It was no use shamming, Geoff knew, although the brown pup lay as if asleep. The car had been merciful, the little back had been snapped like a twig, and Pete lay at their feet in his last sleep.

Geoff never had been like other children, and the minister began to wonder what would happen when the boy found his voice.

"It was that red car, I called to Pete, an' first he began to come, and then he started to run and—I called him, an' he wouldn't get up—and come, and I went over to him . . ."

The minister just stroked the curly hair back, as he said, "I know, sonny, but you wouldn't have had Pete live, if he was hurt badly, and would suffer all the time, would you? You love him too much for that!"

Geoff's eyes looked up quickly, his mind was traveling faster than that of the minister.

"If God takes care of things when they die,

has the pain stopped hurtin' Pete now?" he demanded.

"Surely," said the young man, seeing theological discussions of a difficult character ahead.

"Don't you 'spose God had enough pups without taking mine from me?" again demanded Geoff, and "oh! I do want him back," and the child gave way to uncontrolled sobs.

There were rocks coming, the minister was sure, and still holding the sobbing child he began telling him of the Indians, and how they believed in a God who would give them good hunting-grounds when they died and how they thought their animals would go with them, too.

The boy's sobs lessened as he listened to the young man's voice, then he spoke in broken tones:

"D'y'e think if I'm very good that God'll let me see Pete again when I die?"

The minister hesitated for a second before he said, "Of course, we are none of us quite sure about anything in heaven, but if you are a brave boy and try not to fret, maybe God will let you see Pete again!"

"Where does God keep the animals when they come up?"

The Reverend Malcolm Brown's imagination had always been strong, but this afternoon it was stronger than usual.

"I think," and the firm hands closed over the hot ones of the child, "it's a lovely meadow, with trees, and most of the things the animals would like!"

"An' nobody is unkind to them; they wouldn't take their playthings from them? Pete has lots of things he plays with, an' he'd be lonesome without them!"

The minister's face wore a strange look, his theology was fast carrying him to the religions of other worlds, but he said, softly wiping off the moist cheeks, "I don't think God would mind Pete taking his things with him; he'd be glad to have him happy!"

There was a long silence, and when, some minutes later, the minister put the child down at the father's door, he had promised to assist at Pete's funeral that evening.

* * * * *

It was sunset when the young man holding a box, and the little boy with his arms full of different things, stopped by the big oak-tree on the farther side of the fence.

The minister took off his coat and dug the narrow trench, while Geoff sat beside the box and watched. The little brown head lay on Geoff's own cushion in the box, and Geoff was only waiting to put in the other things.

The minister ceased digging after a while, then replaced his coat. He moved aside when he saw Geoff stoop over the box, and the sound of an audible kiss made him swallow something hastily. Then turning, he said, gently, "Are you ready, Geoff?"

"In a minute," the little boy replied, picking up Pete's playthings and putting them into the box, round the form of the brown pup. First came an old mophead, then a much-chewed slipper, the remains of a wash-rag, and a broken rubber ball!

The young man stood with a queer tightening at his throat, as the articles were put in, one by one.

Then on the body of the still sleeping Pete, Geoff laid some bones. These would serve him for a long time, because he liked to bury them!

The minister kneeled down, and, with eyes which saw but dimly, fitted on the lid of the box.

Together the two mourners replaced the earth, and when the last shovelful was in, and the sods packed down, Geoff knelt by the side, and the minister, putting his hat on the grass, knelt too.

To his dying day he never forgot that funeral prayer as Geoff, with a heart not too full to put up a passionate plea for his pet, prayed:

"Dear God,

"This is my pup Peter, who's coming to you, and do please be careful with him. He can't eat meat yet, it'll make his hair come out, an' don't take him up by his arms, it hurts him so, an' if you have a Morris chair let him sit in back of you, he loves it—an' oh, won't you *please* keep him for me till I come!"

And the minister said, "Amen."

FOR BOYS ON THE FARM

One of the first lessons a boy should have in the care of stock is to handle it quietly, urges a contributor to the *Progressive Farmer*. From the smallest pig to the most valuable horse, there is not an animal on the farm but is better for being managed with systematic quietness. The boy rarely takes this into consideration, however, but, with characteristic liking for "fun," prefers a harum-scarum scramble to anything else, when driving the horses or cows to or from pasture. The more noise and excitement he can get up, the more attraction the job holds for him.

It is very easy, however, to teach him better. The boy is a reasonable creature and will not willingly transgress rules that he knows are for the best interest of the farm. A little precept and a good deal of example will usually check any undue carelessness in the management of farm animals.

Many a good cow has been excited by harsh treatment, by being run through a narrow gate or by having dogs set upon her, until she has sustained some permanent injury in consequence. On most farms the boys are expected to take care of the cows, and it is a great mistake not to show them plainly what the result of such usage is likely to be, and to insist that they treat the cows with kindness.

Every animal on the place, especially the young ones, should be excited as little as possible. Even hens lay more and do better if they are kept free from excitement. The best farmers realize this, and many a boy has been refused work in a very desirable situation because he was known to be rough in handling stock.

As the boys of the family often have almost entire charge of the stock, it is a great saving in every sense to teach them orderly, systematic methods, and then to spend time enough to be sure that the instructions are carried out. It is an invaluable training for the boy.

Some animals suffer as much from a harsh, loud tone of voice as from a blow.

TO THE OX

(From the Italian of Giosue Carducci)

I love thee, pious Ox; a gentle feeling
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.

From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise.
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells,
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells
All the divine green silence of the plain.

FRANK SEWELL.



A PAIR OF STRONG AND PATIENT WORKERS
Owned by WILBUR LOUD, State Inspector of Cattle, South Weymouth, Mass.

THE COST OF CRUELTY

According to a recent statement by Dr. William R. Callicott, the Colorado state superintendent of moral and humane education, the United States loses annually, through cruelty to dumb beasts, \$2,000,000,000. He declares that such cruelty not only causes this immense economic loss to the country, but is also one of the chief causes of crime.

"Unless children learn to feel for the sufferings of animals, we may be sure that they will never lead helpful, upright lives when they become older. They must be sensitized to suffering, and the best way to arouse the best in them is to appeal to them to aid animals which cannot aid themselves. When every child has learned to be thoughtful of these friends we will no longer need prisons and fines, for there will be no criminals."

Dr. Callicott goes on to say that we lose, annually, \$200,000,000 from mistreatment of cattle, the same amount for not caring for horses, \$150,000,000 from giving dairy cows unsanitary quarters and poor food, and \$80,000,000 because of the destruction of birds. If proper treatment were accorded these creatures, he claims, the cost of living would be reduced 25 per cent. and we would also be able to prevent 50 per cent. of the diseases which ravage the country.

ANIMAL COMPANIONS

The child deprived of pets misses much. To love a dog, cat, a bird, or any live thing has a humanizing influence on the character. The care of a pet teaches a child to be responsible for something. The love of the pet brings out the tender feelings of his heart, makes a child less inclined to cruelty, more thoughtful, of quicker sympathy. A pet gives him something to enjoy at home and so makes home life richer. It is one means of keeping him from undesirable companions. It helps to form habits of industry. In providing food and shelter for a living creature he is learning responsibility. While teaching a dog how to perform a trick, the child is enlarging his own intelligence and his patience. If he is learning to ride a horse, he is gaining in courage, and in self-reliance. A wide field of interest is opened to the child with a pet. In learning about one animal he learns about many. His love of his pet fills his mind with useful and good thoughts and there is less room for the idle or vicious. He should have this happiness if it can be given him.—Milwaukee Journal.

A BEAUTIFUL COLLIE

The half-tone illustration upon the front page of this number is that of "Collie", a dog whose name denotes his breed, owned in Hartford, Connecticut. George A. Holcombe, Esq., having seen a copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, offered this picture of his dog for publication.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

Boston, August, 1912

FOR TERMS see last page, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all the newspapers who receive this paper this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, except when copyrighted, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

THE CALF'S HARD LOT

At the hearing in Washington, on the bill to regulate the interstate traffic in immature calves, the opponents of the measure took great pains to insist that the evil of dealing in very young calves was local, chiefly confined to New England. There was no lack of evidence introduced by us as well as by the United States Department of Agriculture showing that it was wide-spread throughout the country. Another testimony to the truth of our repeated assertion that young calves are the peculiar victims of the traffic in food animals comes to us in a letter from Kansas City, Missouri, a part of which we print:

"I saw three very young calves arrive standing in an express wagon. They were delivered to a commission house and sold to a butcher. He brought a small open wagon and roughly put them in and started to drive away. I have seen this done many times before. The butcher had only driven a little distance when one calf fell out and hung across the wheel. He pushed it in, and made a new start. It fell again, and another one went down on the other side of the wagon. He then got *wire* and began to wire their slender legs to the wagon side. I secured a humane officer and he very promptly returned the calves to the commission house and made the butcher take them away in a crate. Only one of these calves could even drink milk and they had been shipped from the country, and must have been all night and nearly all of the previous day away from their mothers."

This sort of thing is going on from one end of the land to the other. Sometimes in retail fashion, as mentioned here; generally, however, it is cruelty by the wholesale. Nothing but eternal vigilance on the part of our humane societies will ever mitigate the evil. F.H.R.

THE TRICK ANIMAL

In almost every instance we believe he is trained by methods that are cruel. No dog or horse or cat ever finds it according to his nature to jump through flaming hoops, roll barrels, walk a tight rope, or do the score of other things he is forced to do by his trainers. The lump of sugar, or the bit of meat given, deceives no one who knows anything about animals.

Will not all humane people discourage performances of this nature at theatres and similar places? Refusal to applaud, persuading children not to attend these exhibitions because of the cruelty that is behind them, influencing one's friends against the whole scheme of making money through trick animals—these are some of the ways in which we may help. It is only because in every case investigated cruel treatment has been found that we are against the exploitation of trained animals. F.H.R.

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?

In the light of the sacred guarantees of citizenship under the Constitution of the United States, read such statements as the following: "In Greenville, South Carolina, Goldsmith Brothers, colored grocers, bought property on North Main street for \$65,000. Immediately the city council passed an ordinance to forbid the ownership of property by Negroes in white districts." "In Richmond, Virginia, Henry Baker was fined \$100 and costs for occupying a dwelling on Ashland street, where white residences predominate." "Last month Daniel Davis, a colored man, was burned at the stake in Tyler, Texas."

In the United States Congress, recently, according to the *Congressional Record*, one Roddenberry, a representative from Georgia, a state where colored citizens pay taxes on over \$34,000,000 worth of property, insisted that a Caucasian government, supported by Caucasian tax-payers should be administered by Caucasians; and, referring to colored clubs and office-holders in government positions, cried, "Fire them out! Fire them out! If you have got Caucasian blood in your veins, kick them out!"

Who, worthy the name of a man, wouldn't rather have the blood of the blackest African the sun ever shone upon, in his veins, than a soul that could make such a speech possible? How long, with rights denied, plundered, lynched, is forbearance going to continue to be a virtue in the colored American citizen? Every reader of this paper knows that if 11,000,000 white American citizens were being discriminated against, robbed of their inalienable rights under the Constitution, that there would be resistance and conflict to the death, and that the civilized world would sustain them for claiming and demanding their rights as freemen.

F.H.R.

IF HE SHOULD BE PRESIDENT

Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* know of President Taft's sympathy with all humane work. Should Mr. Wilson be the next president we are sure of his loyalty to our cause from his reply to a letter of ours asking a number of college presidents for their endorsement of our American Humane Education Society. We wrote him just after his election as Governor of New Jersey:

Princeton, New Jersey.—

I am no longer a college president, but if the hearty endorsement of the work of the American Humane Education Society by a man who has gone into politics will serve in any degree to support and extend the work of the Society, I hope that you will accept my sincerest assurance of sympathy and support. Very truly yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

CLEAN THE FOUNTAIN

Complaints come to us continually of the filthy condition into which the average drinking trough or fountain for animals is allowed to get in many of our cities and towns. Within two days such complaints were made, one from an attractive suburb, one from far out on a country road. In the interests of the toiling creatures that find so often their only opportunity to drink from morning till night at these public places; for their protection also from such infection as cleanliness might prevent, will not every reader of this paper make it his special duty to see that the fountain nearest him receives proper care? Sometimes calling the attention of the town authorities to the matter will be all that is necessary. One good woman we know pays a man regularly to clean the one in her village square. F.H.R.

When making your will, remember The Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Kindness in the Orient

As an indication of the kindlier feeling that is growing among Oriental people toward animals, it is interesting to record that at the forthcoming Oriental Congress in Athens, Chawky Bey, the Khedive's poet laureate, will read a paper on "Kindness to Animals."

Take His Part

The harmless little monkey, so often jerked and pulled about by the organ-grinder, often wanted some friend besides the amused children who seldom know whether he is being ill-used or not. In Detroit, the other day, a gentleman compelled an organ-grinder to take from the street one of these little fellows which was quite exhausted. The council of that city has since taken action looking toward the protection of them from the cruelty or indifference of their owners.

The Back Pad

If you use one on your horse let it be of hair. The felt pad may be better than none, but the one made of hair is far superior to all others. We have tried them all. For a drive of eighty miles recently in a meadow-brook cart, with a harness of which the saddle was too light for the pressure on the back, we used a good sized hair pad, and, though the days were warm and the roads dusty and often rough, the horse's back was in as fine condition when the journey was ended as when it began. Great felt pads under collars and saddles are hot, steam-creating devices.

The Lion and the Fountain

The *Journal of Zoophily* finds the following in the columns of one of its exchanges:

"Perhaps you have noticed that the water in a great many public fountains, whether for man or beast, comes out of a lion's mouth. Did you ever stop to think why a lion's head should be chosen in preference to any other design? This is the reason: Among the ancient Egyptians the rising of the waters of the River Nile was the most important event of the year, as it meant life and prosperity to the whole nation. This rising of the waters always took place when the sun was in the constellation of Leo, or the lion, so they adopted the shape of a lion as the symbol for the life-giving waters of the Nile, and all their fountains were carved with a lion's head. The Greeks and Romans copied this symbol, and so it has come down to us."

Grass for the Horse

We often wonder why more effort is not made by team owners and even by farmers to supply their horses with fresh green food in spring and summer. Of course many will tell you that their horses will lose flesh, the good hard fat of the winter, if given grass. Well, suppose they do. Is it not better to part with some of that surplus weight when it means thinning down and purifying the blood?

A year ago we turned out to grass three or four hours a day a mare that we had been unable to cure of a tendency to scratches. By autumn the trouble had wholly disappeared and it has not returned. The skin beneath the fetlock joints is as soft and smooth as on any part of the body. All this time she was used in harness almost daily. What a paradise it must be for the city horse to get a few days in a pasture! Begin slowly in feeding grass at first, and no trouble from colic need be feared. Then think of the hot, dry feet back once more on cool mother earth!

F.H.R.



Office, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance, etc.) Fort Hill
2640

REPORT FOR THE MONTH

Animals examined	4235
Number of prosecutions	19
Number of convictions	18
Horses taken from work	180
Horses humanely killed	104

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	30,104
Cattle and swine killed	120

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$500 from Mrs. Mary A. Dorman, Old Orchard, Maine, and \$62.92 from Mrs. Mary C. Wilder of Boston. It has received \$50 for the Angell Memorial Hospital from Mrs. A. J. Whiting of Boston, and \$25 from Mrs. Ella M. Sherman.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$100 from "Mrs. C. T.", and \$620.17 from "a co-worker," for the translation and distribution of humane literature.

Boston, July 17, 1912.

TWO NEW BOOKS

Lovers of animals everywhere will be interested to learn that the American Humane Education Society has in press two attractive new books which will be published in season for the fall trade. "The Birds of God" is a compilation of anecdotes with comments and observations by Theron Brown, long connected with the *Youth's Companion*. This volume, comprising nearly 300 pages, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, with gilt top, bound in blue vellum stamped in gold, with five full-page colored plates, will be sold at one dollar, postpaid.

"Prince Rudolph's Quest," a fairy story filled with adventures among animals, was written for young readers by Miss Ida Kenniston. It contains over 150 pages, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, bound in fancy board covers. It will retail at 50 cents, but mail orders require eight cents additional for postage. Special wholesale prices for both of these volumes. Orders for small or large quantities may be sent to 45 Milk Street, Boston, any time, and will be filled early in September.

OUR PAPER IN HOTELS

Three hundred bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* have been presented by our Societies to leading hotels in New England and elsewhere. Friends of the cause will do us a favor by noting if these copies are to be found in the parlors or libraries of their summer hostelleries, and, if not, to advise us of that fact.

MANY HORSES WATERED

During June, 45,209 horses were watered at our nine special hydrant stations in Boston.

KOSHER KILLING

The two forces opposing humane methods in slaughter in this country are the large packers, to whom animal suffering means little as over against time and money, and our Jewish friends with their Kosher killing, which demands, in the name of their religion, that the throat of the animal shall be cut and that it shall be allowed to bleed to death. No nation can ever be considered humane until it reaches that stage where it at least insists that its food animals be put to death in as painless a manner as possible—that is, by some method by which the victim is rendered unconscious before the use of the knife. The day is surely coming in America, as it has already in Switzerland, when it will be permitted to kill no animal, sacrificed for food in any but the humanest way. No religion can keep the respect of men forever that necessitates cruelty to man or beast. That the Kosher method of slaughter is cruel and inhumane we know, in spite of all the arguments to the contrary.

Until the stunning of our food animals, before the knife is thrust into their throats, is made compulsory by law there is no reason why the Kosher butcher everywhere may not be led to do what he does here in Massachusetts, wherever we have required it, and what recently he has consented to do in Los Angeles, California, according to a letter just received from the superintendent of the S. P. C. A. of that city—namely, stun the animal immediately after the use of the knife, thus shortening by several minutes the death struggle. If humane societies throughout the country insist upon this, quoting the facts as to this state and California, we believe their request will be complied with without necessity of further trouble. F.H.R.

IMAGINE IT

That, however, is just what multitudes cannot, or will not, or do not, do. In this is to be found the explanation of no small part of the suffering of the animal world. Once the picture rises clearly before the inner eye of the neglected horse, the unfed dog, the abandoned cat, the starving nestlings; once we put ourselves, by this exercise of the imagination, in the animal's place, and the suffering hurts us and we refuse to cause it or hasten to relieve it. Could the lad whose "sling-shot" killed the mother robin see the slowly dying children for whose death he is responsible, and then think of himself left alone in the world because some one mightier than he had killed his mother or father—one vivid flash in his soul that showed him himself so forsaken, would probably prevent his ever destroying another bird.

To some it comes natural, this quick, relentless imagination that paints a scene in an instant, makes another's pain or misfortune as real as the sun at noonday, and by it stirs the emotions. Alas, that in so many instances the emotion is followed by no resolve of the will to lessen the pain or save others from it. Better the tear had not fallen because our sympathies were aroused, than that the sympathy should evaporate in sentiment. When kindled emotions move the enginery of the will then they are worth something.

That this imaginative faculty can be cultivated, we believe. If parents and teachers, where they find it lacking, seek to awaken and foster it they will be rendering a service of inestimable value both to the child and to all those fellow-creatures with whom, in the future, it must have to do.

F.H.R.

OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

In the June issue we printed a Pennsylvania law of 1855, which bore the heading, "To prevent and punish wanton cruelty to animals in the City of Philadelphia." This, from the information we had received, we believed was the earliest legislation in this country for the protection of animals, and we so spoke of it. Its publication brought us, from the American Society, of New York, a letter calling attention to the fact that in that state a law for the same purpose had been enacted in 1829, and one which applied to the entire state.

This raised the question about Massachusetts. The result of investigation, up to the present, shows that New York was five or six years ahead of Massachusetts, and both many years ahead of Pennsylvania in humane legislation.

The New York law follows, under date of 1829:

Sec. 26. MAIMING AND CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Every person who shall maliciously kill, maim or wound any horse, ox or other cattle, or any sheep, belonging to another, or shall maliciously and cruelly beat or torture any such animal, whether belonging to himself or another, shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor. Title 6, Part IV., Chapter 1, Section 26, Vol. II, page 695, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, January 1, 1829.

Searching the records for Massachusetts we discover that the commission appointed by the Governor to revise the general statutes of the commonwealth reported in 1834 the following law, which was adopted by the legislature and became operative in 1836:

"Every person who shall cruelly beat or torture any horse, ox or other animal, whether belonging to himself or another, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year or by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars."

Section 22, Chap. 130, Revised Statutes of Mass. (1836).

In recommending this provision to the legislature the commissioners say in their report on the general statutes of the commonwealth (1834):

"It probably is not generally known in the community that extreme cruelty to animals even when inflicted by the owner is an offense punished by the common law. Almost everyone must have witnessed very revolting instances of such cruelty, particularly with regard to horses. There seems to be less excuse for the commission of this offense than most others; and the commissioners submit for the consideration of the legislature the expediency of adopting some reasonable provision on the subject."

At common law cruelty to animals was not an offense on the ground of the pain and suffering inflicted (People v. Brunell 48 How. Pr., N. Y., 435). But when the act was committed publicly and so as to constitute a nuisance, or when committed with a malicious intent to injure the owner it was indictable.

(Stage Horse cases 15 Abb. Pr. N. S., N. Y., 51; U. S. v. McDuell, 5 Cranch C. C. (U. S.) 391; People v. Brunell, *supra*.)

It was therefore in 1836 that cruelty to animals first became an offense on the ground of suffering and pain inflicted in Massachusetts.

Perhaps the early laws of some other state may disclose similar legislation. If such exists we shall be glad to know it.

F.H.R.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

CHARLES S. NUTTER, D. D., in *The Crisis*

Hast thou a Saxon face? No fault of thine,
No virtue, too. Thy brothers nearly all
Are brown of various shades. Rare man, reflect,
Is merit in the hue? Boast not; pray God,
He bleach thy soul to match thy pallid face,



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

"THE INTERNATIONAL MIND"

This was the theme of the opening address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler as presiding officer of the recent Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration. The entire address as published in *The Advocate of Peace* for June we wish could be read by every citizen. We select a single sentence here and there:

We must learn to bring to the consideration of public business in its international aspects what I may call the international mind, and the international mind is still rarely to be found in high places. . . . It was the possession of this international mind that gave to the brilliant administrations of Secretary Hay and Secretary Root their distinction and their success. . . . What is this international mind, and how are we to seek for it and to gain it as a possession of our own and of our country? The international mind is nothing else than that habit of thinking of foreign relations and business, and that habit of dealing with them, which regards the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and cooperating equals in aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world. It is as inconsistent with the international mind to attempt to steal some other nation's territory as it would be inconsistent with the principles of ordinary morality to attempt to steal some other individual's purse. Magnitude does not justify us in dispensing with morals. . . .

The political braggart at home is the political bully abroad. Unfortunately, our contemporary American public life offers illustrations in abundance of the unhappy effects of constantly carrying on political discussion, both on the platform and in the press, with the manners of the prize ring and the language of the lunatic asylum. . . .

At the moment, we are being ruled and represented by the noisy and well-organized majorities of minorities, and we are sliding backward in political dignity and political wisdom every hour. . . . Human progress cannot be held long in check by selfish endeavor, and both at home and abroad we may look forward with confidence and abundant hope to the coming of the day when justice shall rule, and when a lasting peace, based upon justice, shall set free all man's resources for man's uplifting.

F.H.R.

AN ALL-DAY CELEBRATION

A Band of Mercy formed this year by Mrs. Abba D. Chamberlin, librarian of the town library of Pomfret, Vermont, has resulted in a veritable humane society with the school children, citizens, and all the town officials enrolled as members. The organization now numbers over three hundred, and last June a day was devoted to the summer meeting. Mrs. Chamberlin writes: "Our town has only 700 inhabitants all told, and less than eighty pupils, but I suppose over 400 animal stories have been written by the children within the last six months. Every child who could hold a pen, wrote his little story, and read it on the stage that day."

BIRD DESTRUCTION

Mr. G. O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, in *The Independent*, says:

"Many of our most valuable and insect-eating birds are considered game in the south and are slaughtered by the thousands. The sweet-voiced robin, which thousands of people in the north love and foster carefully through its breeding season, is regarded as a game bird in the south. Some states make an open season from three to six months on it, while others do not protect it at all. Nearly every southern sportsman delights in killing large numbers of robins whenever he can get out. The bobolink, one of our sweetest singers, and one of our most valuable insect eaters, is called in certain southern states the rice-bird, and in others the reed-bird. These birds congregate in great numbers on the tide marshes of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, and so-called sportsmen kill them at the rate of from 100 to 300 a day to each gun. There is no close season on the birds in any southern state, and no limit to the bag."

"The same condition prevails in a great measure regarding the red-winged and white-winged blackbirds. You may go into any southern state any time in the winter and you will find great strings of robins, blackbirds, bobolinks, meadow-larks and even bluebirds, orioles and tanagers hanging in front of the markets and selling at ten cents to thirty cents a dozen. Meanwhile our farm crops and fruits are being destroyed at the rate of over \$1,000,000,000 a year, because there are not birds enough to keep down the insects."

In connection with this read in the January report of the Massachusetts official ornithologist that an Italian was found in this commonwealth with twelve robins, three jays, three flickers, two hermit-thrushes and one purple finch—these all shot and being carried home for a pie. Was he ignorant of the crime he had committed? A copy of the law, in Italian, was in his pocket. Why cannot every community organize a committee to protect the birds of its section and to punish these destroyers? We have put up over 5,000 cards through the state this spring, warning against killing our birds and offering rewards for evidence that will convict. F.H.R.

IMAGINING ONE'S SELF HUMANE

In his fine paper on Humanitarianism, Henry S. Salt gives us the following:

A year or two ago there was an account in the newspapers of a pathetic sermon addressed by a London clergyman to a fashionable West-end audience concerning the sufferings of cab-horses, and "many were the tears" said the reporter, "that were shed on the sumptuous sealskins of that deeply affected congregation." Here was exactly the sort of spasmodic sentimentality to which I have made allusion—a cheap compassion for the ill-used cab-horse, side by side with complete forgetfulness of the equally ill-used sea-cow. The hunting of the seal, it is well known, involves such brutalities that even the roughest sailors and fishermen need first to become hardened to the work; ladies, however, like to wear seal-skin mantles, on which they shed tears of compassion—not for the evil condition of animals in general, not even for the sea-cow in particular, but at the picture drawn by a popular preacher of that system of vehicular traffic into which (when the tears are dried) they will doubtless continue to sell their own superannuated chargers.

OUR WORK IN SAN DIEGO

Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, representing the American Humane Education Society in San Diego, California, has organized 151 Bands of Mercy, known in that city as "Junior Humane Leagues," with a membership of 6595, during the last school year. Next season a headquarters will be maintained for the pupils, including a reading-room, lantern slides, humane pictures, etc.



VICTIMS OF APPETITE

But not their own. This picture, copied from the little French paper, "Je Sais Tout," Paris, February, 1912, needs no explanation to those familiar with the so-called delicacy of *pâté de foie gras*. To others it is but another illustration of the needless sufferings inflicted upon many creatures men eat. That the appetites of those seeking luxuries and craving unusual dishes may be satisfied, these unfortunate geese are stuffed with food by a stick introduced into the esophagus, hastening the fattening process and giving us the paste made of the livers of geese. The paper above mentioned says, "This stuffing is very cruel; it is accomplished by means of a funnel, and the victims remain a long time stretched out upon their backs, unable to move. In certain sections they even nail the feet of the wretched geese to the floor to prevent all movement or exercise."

It will be well to remember this the next time we see upon the bill of fare the innocent looking words, *pâté de foie gras*.

F.H.R.

WHAT ONE BAND IS DOING

Those Bands of Mercy which hold regular meetings and consider matters relating to animals and how better treatment for them may be secured, often accomplish more in their communities than do some of the adult humane societies of other places. When boys and girls pledge to "try to protect all living creatures from cruel usage" and become imbued with the Band of Mercy spirit their enthusiasm and influence are expressed in a thousand ways.

Such a wide-awake and progressive Band is that which was formed in Canton, Massachusetts, only last winter. Meetings are held weekly. Entertainments are given and nearly all take part in the program. The proceeds go to a fund to be used in making life easier and happier for animals.

The current of thought today is setting powerfully in the direction of sympathy for dumb animals. Never has literature been so alive with it. Never has the press been so alert with it. Never has popular interest so leaned to it.

WHIP-POOR-WILL

By ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

Do you ever stop and listen
To the music of the birds?
Why, sometimes I almost reckon
I can understand their words.
Robin Redbreast makes me jolly,
But sometimes when all is still,
There's a bird that makes me angry
When he warbles, "Whip-poor-Will!"

Now I pity that poor fellow—
Who he is I do not know;
'Spect he's been most awful naughty
For that bird to treat him so.
I can't see why other fellows,
Ted or Jack or Tom or Phil
Shouldn't get their share of scoldings,
But it's always, "Whip-poor-Will!"

Maybe he won't mind his mother
When she sends him to the store;
Maybe once the teacher caught him
Throwing spit-balls on the floor.
Pr'aps that bird peeks in the window,
And that's why, in accents shrill,
You can hear him if you listen,
Always saying, "Whip-poor-Will!"

I have asked my pa to tell me
Who that naughty boy can be,
But he only answers shortly
That he hopes it isn't me;
Just as if my name was William,
Why, it isn't even Bill!
Hope he won't forget it's Robert
When that bird says, "Whip-poor-Will!"

Billy Jones says he ain't naughty,
He can prove it by his ma;
She believes in moral suasion,
Says it does more good by far.
I should think that it would scare him
When that cry comes sharp and shrill,
And that bird, the same as ever,
Keeps a-saying, "Whip-poor-Will!"

Billy Jones ain't scared of nothing,
And he says he doesn't care
Who that bird means when it's calling,
For there's Williams everywhere.
Just the same I'll always wonder
When that cry comes sharp and shrill,
Who's the boy that's been so naughty
That a bird says, "Whip-poor-Will!"

Twenty prizes of \$10 each and forty prizes of \$5 each are offered by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for evidence by which it shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

MRS. ROBIN FEEDING SPARROWS

By Mrs. F. A. GRAVES

THERE are many stories of the cruelty of the English sparrow toward other birds, and especially toward the robin.

No doubt prejudice has arisen in the minds of many people because of these reports. That no resentment remains in the heart of one robin, at least, is well proved by my observation of how the robin returned good for evil.

Just outside our dining-room window was a beautiful grass-plot, where the earthworms would come up quite thickly after a nice warm rain. One day, as the sun was bursting through the clouds after such a shower, I was standing at the open window enjoying the fresh, sweet odors of the early summer-time. Suddenly a mother-sparrow and her four young ones flew down into the grass-plot. I waited quietly to watch the pretty sight.

The young sparrows were very hungry, and set up a shrill peeping for food in great impatience. The faithful mother drew the long worms up out of the grass as fast as she could, carrying each one to a little bird; but it was not fast enough to satisfy her hungry children.

There was a quick flutter as a mother-robin alighted nearby. She watched the busy sparrow a moment, then with a friendly note to the mother, Mrs. Robin pulled a nice fat worm out of the grass and hopped to the nearest baby sparrow with it, who swallowed it very quickly and opened his beak for more. The robin set to work in earnest, with no objections from the mother-sparrow, and, until the young sparrows were entirely satisfied, the two worked side by side as though it were only one family.

The strong mother instinct in the robin enabled her to "do good to those who had persecuted her," and who can tell how deeply the lesson was impressed on the sparrows? Certain it is that there was great peace and harmony among the birds in that neighborhood all summer.

HOW TO BEGIN

"Every boy and girl pictures himself or herself growing into a brave and noble man or woman. Bravery and nobility have their foundations in kindness, in gentleness, and in mercy. You cannot develop these without being kind to the animals. The child who is kind to an animal because the animal is helpless is going to grow into manhood thoughtful of all that is helpless."



Photograph from Audubon Society

THE VANISHING WOOD-DUCK

The wood-duck, one of the most gorgeously beautiful of wild-fowl, has been numbered among the "vanishing birds." From flocks of hundreds to be found only a generation ago in all parts of eastern United States they have decreased to a few scattered remnants. They are now seldom seen except where private individuals have undertaken to propagate them as domestic birds.

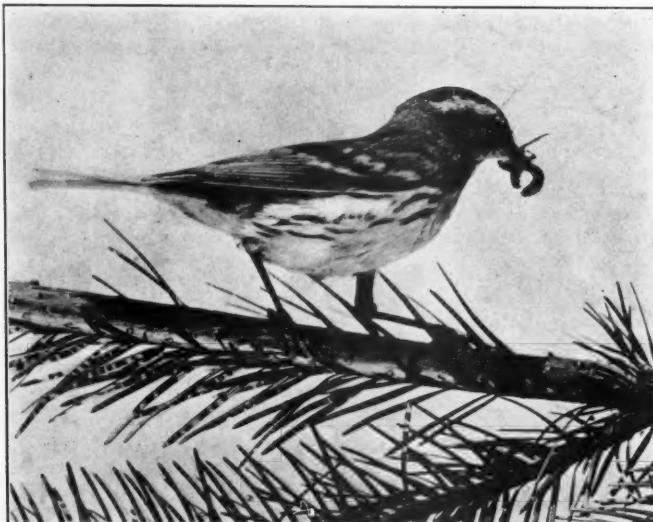
The wood-duck differs from other species in that it made its breeding place in swamps and near inland streams that were bordered by forests. The wholesale destruction of the forests and the draining of swamp-lands swept away the homes of the wood-duck, while the wasteful practice of spring shooting, which the states have been slow to prohibit, has brought this handsome specimen of wild life almost to extermination.

The passage of a federal law for the protection of migratory birds will be the only salvation for a species that never should be allowed to perish.

JOHN BURROUGHS ON BIRDS

The birds have always meant much to me. In early manhood, I turned to them with the fondness of youth. I did not go to books for my knowledge of them, except for some technical knowledge, but I think literature helped to endow them with a human interest to me, and relate them to the deeper and purer currents of my life. What joy they have brought me! How they have given me wings to escape the tedious and the deadening! I have not studied them so much as I have loved them; at least, my studies have been inspired by love.

How much easier and surer knowledge comes through sympathy than through the mere knowing faculties! It seems as if I had imbibed my knowledge of the birds through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves, and the glint of the waters. I have gone a-fishing, and read their secrets out of the corners of my eyes. I have lounged under a tree, and the book of their lives has been opened to me. I have hoed in my garden, and read the histories they write in the air. Studied the birds? No, I have played with them, camped with them, gone berrying with them, and my knowledge of them has filtered into my mind almost unconsciously.—*Atlantic Monthly*.



A MOTHER WARBLER

THE HUMANE OFFICER
By ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

The sound of hissing whip! A teamster's curses loud!
A tired horse fallen with its load! A gaping crowd!
A hurried step! A badge revealed! The victim freed!
The power of law descending on the teamster's deed!
Three cheers for those who stand thus for dumb creatures' need,
Who speak for those who have no voice to cry and plead!
No blare of bugles may such noble deeds proclaim,
Yet they in books on high eclipse a kingly fame!

CAT AND BIRD BECOME FRIENDS

Cats have been known to form unusual attachments. Squirrels, rabbits, chickens and even rats have been adopted by many a motherly puss and cared for by her with all the tenderness that she would bestow upon her own.

Still another interesting feline is the one which belongs to a family in Wellesley, Massachusetts. This cat has formed a friendship with one of the blue jays on the place, and the two play with each other by the hour on the lawn, the bird making playful dashes at the cat, who apparently greatly enjoys the proceedings.

CATS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON
By T. S. NICKERSON

Two stories of the intelligence and sympathy of our feline friends were told me during one of my numerous visits to the Tower of London, while I was living in England.

Southampton was a prisoner in the Tower with the Earl of Essex during Elizabeth's reign. In some strange way, or by some unrecognized faculty, a favorite cat of his found his abode and suddenly appeared to him, having made an entrance down the chimney. After his release by James I., Southampton had his picture painted with his faithful friend at his side. This portrait, I believe, can today be seen at Wilbeck Abbey.

The other tale is of Sir Henry Wyatt, who was committed to the Tower during the reign of Richard III. and suffered much from want of clothing and food. He would have perished if a cat had not come down into his room and warmed him by lying on his breast, and saved him from starvation by bringing him an occasional pigeon caught on the leads. Although the keeper was under orders not to improve his food, he agreed to cook anything which Sir Henry provided, and the pigeons which the cat brought saved his life. He also had a picture painted, showing the cat offering a pigeon through the bars of the cell.



The Cat Hospital at Auteuil

By E. A. MATTHEWS

WHEN Betty was ten years old her father and mother took her with them across the ocean. They traveled in many lands and saw many wonderful things. And when they returned, all the little girls asked, "Betty, what was the very nicest sight of all?"

The little girl laughed merrily and said, "Oh, the Cat Home, the health resort for sick kittens, that queer little place near Auteuil where fine ladies take their pets for the rest cure." Then she told the true story of two French ladies and their Cat Hospital.

These ladies lived at first in Paris, and had a house full of pet cats. And so kind were they, and so charitable that they began to pick up all the sick pussies on the streets of the great city, and take them to their own home where they fed and cared for them. After a while the neighbors complained. They did not like the noise of so many sick cats, and said so many unkind things that the two ladies concluded to move. They searched everywhere for just the right spot and at length came to this pretty little suburb of Paris.

There they bought a large estate and near the center, under the trees and shrubs, built a strange little house especially for their pets. There were two wards on the ground floor, the first one for convalescents, the second for new arrivals and cats who were very ill. Another apartment was reserved for boarders, or paying guests. Some of the patients were picked up on the streets, where they had been tossed aside by motor cars, run over by wagons, ill-treated by children, beaten, bruised, and half-starved. These were brought in by people especially hired for the work. The cats were washed and fed and skillfully treated without cost to anyone. There were, of course, many other pet cats brought here by their owners, just as little children are taken to a hospital, and they gladly paid for all necessary attention.

The wards were queer places. They were in a large square room, with clean bare walls, against which arose five or six tiers of little beds, or nests, made out of crockery, hollowed deeply and partly filled with fine straw. There were fifty of these cat-beds, each quite separate from the others, and each bearing a ticket marked with its own number.

Betty saw only six cats that looked very ill. These lay stretched out at full length with head on paw, half asleep, yet often moaning and sighing. The good mistress of the hospital came in while the maid was talking to Betty and her father. It was great fun to see the convalescent cats come bounding in, leaping on her, rubbing their heads against her dress, mewing, purring and singing in their queer cat-fashion. She spoke to them very kindly, told them to be quiet, and they really seemed to understand and try to obey and please her. She led them into the playground, in a big garden where there were many large trees and green shrubs and vines. The door between hospital and garden was of wood, pierced with several holes where cats could pass in and out. Around the playground and garden was a high wall, and above this, a wire trellis stretched from one side to the other so that no one could get the cats, and the cats themselves could not get out.

Just think, there were ninety-one cats of all sorts and sizes, young and old, angora, tortoise-shell, Persian, Manx, white, black, streaked, and spotted. The convalescents were a lively lot. They ran and jumped, played tag, had a regular steeplechase from one end of the grounds to another, and when they saw the strangers they squalled and mewed and hissed and spat, until one would think they had been drinking catnip tea!

Betty often told of her visit to the Cat Hospital, and always laughed right through the story, for, as she said, "It was the funniest of all the sights I saw in the Old World."



WAITING FOR DINNER

Frank Grafton, Chester, West Virginia, photographed this interesting group. The cat frequently remains in this attitude four or five minutes at a time, until some one feeds him.

CURING A CAT OF ECZEMA

By CHARLOTTE BIRD

My thoroughbred silver Persian cat at an early age had developed a skin eruption which was pronounced eczema. He was treated by a good veterinary and the eruption disappeared. Yet the cat continued to scratch himself almost constantly, and from this and other signs I concluded that he had worms and that he ought to have a thorough course of treatment.

Then the information reached me that to the general health of cats as well as dogs worms are very debilitating, and that the harm they do sometimes takes the form of an eruption. Upon that hint I determined to act. My cat should first be freed from his worms and then I would look after his eczema. I got a good supply of powdered santonin and castor-oil.

I began vigorously. In the morning a full hour before his breakfast I gave him a dose of about a grain of santonin. About midway between his breakfast and dinner I gave him his second dose, and between his dinner and supper I repeated the process.

In the evening I gave him about a teaspoonful of castor-oil. In such a course of treatment the castor-oil is about as essential as the santonin.

This process of santonin treatment is to be repeated for three consecutive days. Then for three days the animal should be allowed to rest. Then repeat for another day, and again for three days allow the animal to rest. Then repeat still another day. By this time the very last egg should be hatched and the young worm destroyed. This treatment is as effective for dogs as for cats.

Love's Power Over Wild Animals

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Story of Scraggles," "Living the Radiant Life," "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," "Through Ramona's Country," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.

Loving the Timber-wolf

SOME years ago I was invited to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to deliver a course of lectures. While there, one of my friends, knowing my fondness for animals, planned a ride to the park, where, though it was winter, several animals were still to be found in cages. In one of these were three timber-wolves, one of which was the largest of his

species I had ever seen, and he was by far the most ferocious. Immediately we came up his eyes flashed a fiery red, his mane arose, his lips drew back and bared his vicious-looking teeth and he snarled and growled with a menacing manner that clearly showed that he regarded all mankind as his personal foe to be met as such. There seemed to be a rancor, a fierce, active hatred present in the poor creature. He did not wait to be aroused as most caged animals do, gazing at you with fear or indifference, but he was "in arms" the moment he saw you near him, ready to fight, alert, actively demonstrating his anger and resentment at your presence. This active quality of the poor creature's hatred of man so impressed me that I felt impelled to say to myself: "You have been badly treated until you have come to hate every man as a personal foe. All men are not cruel. You shall learn that at least one man loves you and would take away that feeling of rancor and hatred that so embitters your poor caged life."

Instinctively I wanted to put my hands on him and soothe him, and—being the only visible visitors—I ignored the park regulations, sprang over the railing that kept sight-seers at a safe distance, and began by looks, words and tones to convey to the poor creature what I felt for him. The moment I came so near his eyes darted fire, and his vicious appearance would have frightened me away had not the power of love been so urgent within. Soothingly I talked to him, until, at length, his active anger seemed to cease, and he stood more quiescent near the bars. At the first possible opportunity I quietly reached in through the bars and put my hand on his haunch. Immediately the old fire came back into his eyes and he sprang at the hand and at me as viciously as ever. Very quietly I withdrew my hand, so as not to alarm him by any apparently threatening movement, and again soothed him with my voice. Again I put my hand on him and this time there was less resentment. Again and again I did this until I was stroking his back and hind legs quite freely.

Then more visitors arrived, and even while they were at a distance the wolf's ferocity and

anger seemed to be aroused. He snarled and growled, bared his fangs, erected his mane and all the hair along his spine until I could not have wondered, had a traveler through the forest encountered him thus, he would have regarded him as more dangerous than a bear, and far more alarming than either a wild-cat, a lynx or a panther.

As I did not wish to attract any attention I waited until this group had passed by before I resumed my friendly ministrations. Then, as before, I talked and wooed until my hand was once again stroking and caressing him. This time the work was accomplished almost imme-

got or was unaware. As surely as I loved he knew that I loved—knew of course in the lesser brute animal sense—and that love became a new and active factor in his life.

(To be continued)

"AT DAWN"

By KATHARINE ADAMS, Dublin, Ireland

Lilt of a thrush at dawn—

Still is the air, and cool—

A young and timid fawn

Stands by a flower-rimmed pool.

Startled, with throat held high—

Through the distant wood a sound—

Sharp—and a shot flies by—

A crash, a cry and a bound!

Lilt of a thrush at dawn—

Innocence lying dead!

Shot through the heart, a fawn—

Sky in the East, blood-red!

The air is cool and still;

Softly the love-birds sing:

Dear God, how could men kill

So gentle and young a thing?

HOW MOTHERS CAN HELP

I have many times been pained at the thoughtless and cruel way in which children handle and play with dumb creatures, says a writer in an exchange.

Among the tiny tots I believe this is due almost entirely to their lack of understanding, so when our small boy was about seven months old and began to notice his playthings, we got him a rubber dog and a small furry cat. He was very fond of them, and every time that I gave them to him I picked them up very carefully and said: "Nice kitty, baby be careful. Pretty doggie," etc. In fact, I always treated the animals as if they were alive. It did not take many weeks for him to understand that mother never handled the animals as she did the other playthings; and to know by the look in her face that she was sorry when he was careless; to understand that when he seemed to wilfully transgress this unwritten law the animals were put away until another time.

I have never once allowed myself to be in too great a hurry or too busy to keep up this course; and it has taken much patience and perseverance, for our son is a boisterous, hearty fellow, who seems to take a special delight in throwing things about and

making just as much noise as his well-developed lungs will allow. But he is nearly eighteen months old now and has come in contact several times with live animals. That he has never once forgotten and been rough, but cuddles a small kitten as gently as I could, makes me feel more than repaid for my trouble. He invariably says, when thus fondling his kitten, "Baby nice." Is it any wonder that his mother has a small triumphant thrill at the success of her experiment, and passes her experience on, hoping that some other mother who wants her small boy or daughter to be the best of friends with dumb animals may profit by her methods?



"WITH HIS MUZZLE IN BOTH HANDS I WAS RUBBING BACK AND FORTH IN THAT CARESSING WAY THAT MOST DOGS ENJOY"

diately, and before many minutes had elapsed my hands were reaching his head, his ears, and finally with his muzzle in both hands I was rubbing back and forth in that caressing way most dogs enjoy, while his eyes had lost their fire and anger, and his every look suggested comfort, soothing and enjoyment. I gave him only a brief hour of friendship in bodily presence, and then the pressure of time called me away. But affection never dies. He may be dead, but my love once aroused remains. Did he know? Did he forget me? I am not able to answer perhaps to the satisfaction of others, but I know what I believe and what I feel. He neither for-



"NANNIE" AND HER KID AT HOME

GOATS AS PETS

By MARSHALL SAUNDERS



It was not until two years ago that I had a chance to study goats at close range. I was going to be at my home in Halifax during the summer, and requested that our small city garden be turned over to me, instead of being given up to the usual vegetable and flower beds.

I was a long time in search of them, but finally found two with a veterinary who offered to lend them to me for the summer. The day they arrived boys seemed to spring out of the earth to stare at the man who carried first Nannie, then her kid, to a kennel under some steps leading from my father's study to the garden. We all went out to greet them, while neighborhood children manned the board fences or stared through the wire one in front. I gazed into the face of the mother goat. Her green, unfathomable eyes, and her solemn beard gave her an appearance of antiquity. I felt that I was in the presence of an embodiment of the wisdom of the ages.

From early morn till dewy eve, all through the summer, boys and girls haunted the garden, and they never wearied in their offerings of delicacies found to be most acceptable to the fastidious Nannie.

I often wonder why goats are so frequently laughed at. True, there is something comical about them, but anyone who studies them for a time will find much to admire. I have in mind one pet black goat in a livery stable who acts very much like a dog. She plays about the stable all day, and loves the horses and the children of the man who owns the stable. Indeed, if she is not watched, she ascends to the bedrooms at night and sleeps near her playfellows of the day. One insuperable objection to keeping goats is that they eat every spear of green in sight. However, in city yards if there are no shrubs and flowers, and the trees are protected as high up as a goat can reach, goats will be found to be amusing and interesting pets. Nannie and Kiddie simply fascinated all the children of the neighborhood, and far from eating tin cans and potato parings,

they demanded and got the daintiest food procurable.

It was quite a trial to part from the two interesting creatures in the autumn, and for weeks and even months after, we would hear the childish voices in the distance coming nearer and nearer, "Nannie, Nannie, Kiddie, Kiddie, I've got something for you." Children would stand and beat the fence beseeching Nannie to come from her kennel, and someone would have to throw up a window and inform them that Nannie had gone home.

My too brief study of goats led me to form a few conclusions. First of all, their milk is invaluable for delicate persons. In Chicago, some rich men keep a flock of goats for the benefit of some of their children who are not very strong. Secondly, they have a real value in interesting children in the lower creation. Questions about goats that we could not answer were showered on us, and I fancy that many a parent was sent to a natural history, to reply to these questions. Thirdly, all goats do not have a disagreeable odor. Male ones do, I believe. Nannie and the kid, well-brushed and combed, and with a clean bed, were at all times agreeable companions. Many an animal is called dirty because human beings are too careless to keep it clean. Fourthly, they want clean water to drink. Fifthly, goats are especially suitable pets for persons owning good-sized enclosed yards, if there is no green about.

I must say that we were all astonished that the kid did not play more than he did. Once in a great while he would kick up his little hoofs and dance round the garden, but usually he was a sober little fellow, and strolled quietly by his mother's side. Any creature that God has made has interesting and valuable qualities if we will but take the trouble to discover them.

BANDS IN CONNECTICUT

The Connecticut Humane Society enrolled between 5000 and 6000 children into Bands of Mercy during the closing weeks of the last school year. The Society was fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. Dexter A. Atkins, formerly employed by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., who visited the schools of Hartford and adjoining towns, and gave talks to the children on mercy and kindness to animals. The work is to be continued during the coming year.



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. The monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See last inside page for prices of Band of Mercy badges and supplies, and humane publications.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Bands of Mercy to the number of 384 were reported during June. Of these 152 were in the public schools of Rhode Island, 117 in the schools of Boston, sixty in Maine, and twenty-three in Connecticut. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school:

Schools in Boston, Massachusetts

Hugh O'Brien, 17; Wm. Eustis, 6; Dearborn, 23; Henry L. Pierce, 15; Sacred Heart, 20; Bowditch, 14; Minot, 10; John Cheverus, 11; Chestnut Hill.

Brewster, Massachusetts: 5.

Reading, Massachusetts: Highland, 10; Centre, 5; Laurel, 2.

Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts: The Glen.

West Bridgewater, Massachusetts: West Bridgewater.

Brunswick, Maine: Methodist S. S., 11; Berean Baptist S. S., 8; Free Baptist S. S., 7.

East Winthrop, Maine: Baptist S. S., 7.

Lisbon Falls, Maine: Baptist S. S., 15.

West Gardiner, Maine: Union S. S., 3.

Winthrop, Maine: Public, 4.

Woolwich, Maine: Baptist Church, 4; Methodist S. S.

Schools in Rhode Island

Middletown: Peabody; Peabody Annex; Wyatt; Paradise; Witherbee; Oliphant, 2.

Newport: Cranston, 7; Callender, 6.

Providence: Niagara St., 4; Lexington Ave. Grammar, 14; Meeting St., 2; Oxford St. Grammar, 11; Harriet St., 4; Eddy St. Primary, 4; Plain St. Primary, 4; Knight St., 17; Messer St., 13; Manton Ave. Grammar, 6; Beacon Ave. Primary, 7; Friendship St. Primary, 4; Peace St. Grammar, 13; Federal St. Grammar, 13; Hospital St., 3.

Woonsocket: Vose St., 2; Park Ave., 4; East Woonsocket, 2; Grove St., 5.

Schools in West Hartford, Connecticut

Centre, 8; East, 6; Charter Oak, 4; Elmwood, 5.

Fultonville, New York: "Band of Mercy."

Upper Montclair, New Jersey: Montclair.

Fishertown, Pennsylvania: Fishertown.

Jefferson City, Missouri: "Help Those Who Cannot Help Themselves."

Greeley, Colorado: Golden Rule.

Hesperus, Colorado: Golden Links.

Colville, Washington: Colville.

North Hatley, Quebec: North Hatley.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 85,041.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS

By CHRISTIAN RICHARDSON



ONE of the prettiest sights in London is the pigeons circling and wheeling among the great Ionic pillars of the British Museum portico. Everybody loves them, nearly everybody feeds them — the grave, quiet "reader" who astonishes you by pulling handfuls of peas out of his pockets; the fashionable lady who crumbles a roll carried in her dainty hand-bag; school-boys and office girls who come there at noon to eat their lunch; and two-year-old babies out for an airing with their nurses.

It is one thing to love, however, and quite another to understand them. They are very timid. The slightest motion startles them. It was weeks before I found children who could do what those in the photographs did, stay still enough to persuade the pigeons to come to their hands. Yet this was these

children's first visit. And we succeeded only with the aid of a friendly policeman keeping back the crowd of onlookers who would have scared every bird away. At the sound of a whistle on the street they fly in a panic circling round and round as if afraid to stop. They think it is a jackdaw, one of their greatest enemies. The slamming of a motor door will send them huddling up among the great reliefs of the plinth, to tell one another of their last narrow escape from a gun.

The white baby on the boy's hand has a story as sorrowful as that of any street waif. She was thrown out of the nest before she could fly by heartless parents who wanted to make room for a new brood, and has had so many hairbreadth escapes from the Museum cats that she looks on the boy as a rescuing angel. One morning I found her so badly mauled that she could not swallow. Later she cuddled up against one's cheek so glad of protection and rest.

The watchmen tell gruesome stories of the dangers haunting these birds. Sometimes the stupid things drink from pools of rain-water lodging on the copper roof. There is no reason why they should. The Museum supplies them with a beautiful trough beside one of the South Sea idols on the north colonnade. It is interesting to know that a pigeon so poisoned is in no danger from



the cats. The cats will not even look at them. Cats, the watchmen will tell you, seldom try to get the old pigeons.



They are too hard to catch and too tough when caught. The favorite dish of the really cultivated British Museum cat is *squab au naturel*.

A THANKFUL SEA-GULL

HERE often exists a comradeship between sailors and the sea-birds that neither time nor distance can separate. A gull dropped fluttering upon the deck of a transport sailing from San Francisco to Manila, apparently ill. A sailor picked it up, took it to his quarters, and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away. But the bird did not forget him. Every day it alighted on the deck and waited for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the steamer to Manila, and back again to the harbor of San Francisco.

LISTEN
By LUCY E. CHURCH
You ask for a song, little Alice—
A song of the bees and flowers,
A song of the happy little folks
In this glad green world of ours.

Shall it be of the little goldfinch
That came to the porch one day
And plucked at the thistles' downy seeds,
Then flew, singing "sweet sweet," away?
Or, come to the wood, little Alice,
Margaret, Mabel, and all,
And list to the voice of the wood-thrush—
Its liquid silvery call.

In the hedge the catbird is singing,
A wonderful singer is he;
And the bobolink's bubbling laughter
Floats over the meadows free.

Through sunshine and rain sings the sparrow,
The swallow darts to and fro,
The phoebe calls and the robin sings,
And cheerily caws the crow.

Then listen, my dear little girdies,
For the fields and meadows ring
With a thousand songs more beautiful
Than any that I can sing.

Our Dumb Animals

RECEIPTS BY THE M. S. P. C. A. FOR JUNE, 1912

Fines and witness fees, \$242.21.

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RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR JUNE, 1912

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Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President, GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

TERMS:

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Our Dumb Animals

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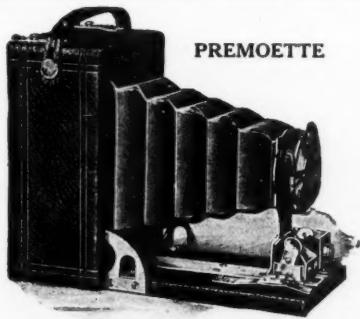
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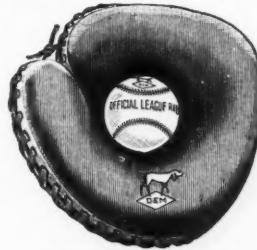
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